to win me to its side. Finally I took the side of the Anarchists. I thought that hardly more than two hundred of the approximately one thousand inmates in the Castle would go on a hunger strike and that some of these would quit before the public learned about the unrest in the prison; perhaps two score would continue, but neither the public nor the authorities would pay much attention to them. On the other hand, the entire prison, the political and common criminals alike, would take part in the demonstration, and there was a good chance that it would attract public attention in the early—shouting—phase. Finally all groups agreed on this plan.

On my insistence, a modest slogan was selected—a demand the administration could meet readily: "Court Attorney to the Castle!" I expected the attorney would come before the assault on the furniture began. The headman of our ward presented an ultimatum to the superintendent: "The prisoners demand that the Court Attorney come to the Castle by noon today." Fetisov replied that he could not accept so insolent a demand.

Precisely at noon, with the ringing of the bell on the belfry, the demonstration started. All the inmates, massed at the open windows, yelled in chorus, "Court At—tor—ney to the Castle!" The shouts carried beyond the walls of the prison. Prisoners on the upper floors could see a crowd about the Castle. The inmates continued to shout in relays. At 5:00 P.M. the Court Attorney arrived. After briefly questioning our headman and the prison physician, he ordered the superintendent to transfer the sick to the municipal barracks and to disinfect the wards in which there had been typhus.

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE

The prison relaxed. The epidemic continued, but the new cases were promptly isolated, the plank beds disinfected, and the straw sacks burned. Prisoners who returned from the municipal barracks were full of praise for the doctors. But what had impressed them most was that there were only two guards on duty and two in reserve in the whole building and no bars in the windows! Their talk gave me the idea of escaping from the prison by simulating typhus. This was a crazy notion. In each attempt to escape, a prisoner gambles his life, and the sentence I was facing for participation in the party did not justify the risk. Later I realized that my plan was the almost physical reaction of an active youth against the lock on the door, the bars in the windows, the turreted wall around the courtyard.

I consulted a roommate, military nurse Duvin. An old hand at